WHAT IS A KISS?

Definitions Æsthetic, Scientific and Commonplace.

The puzzle editor of the London Truth recently offered a prize for the best brief definition of a kiss. An immense number of answers were received and many of them published. The following list, containing the best of them, makes interesting reading:

A language all can understand,
In any age and any land.

A kiss is a declaration of love by deed of mouth.

My definition's a commercial one,
A bill presented, and a stamp thereon.

The right of a mother,
The toy of a flirt,
The hope of a lover,
The true one's desert.

Kisses are moths that steal from out the night,
Flutter awhile, and perish in the light.

A speechless token
Of things so sweet
They can't be spoken.

A kiss is merely a contraction of the orbicularis orismuscle.

Love's proof impression taken both before
And after letters. Oddly, too, the more
The print's repeated the impression's stronger,
And the true artist's best effects last longer.

A monosyllabic form of communication, composed only of labials, frequently used as a conjunction, although an article, and more common than proper.

If fit material for a kiss you seek,
You need but two lips and a little cheek.

Two pair of lips and a couple of fools.

The best definition of a kiss?
Why, barely, two mouthsful of bliss.

It may mean little, it oft means much,
And oftener nothing at all;
And it's always off as soon as it's on,
And it is never the same to all.

What part of speech is it? A noun some say.
Common and proper, yet no speech it hath,
Nor is it e'er a part. It takes away
The breath, so that we "tell it not in Gath."
Noun it may be, yet is its leading function
To lead the lips to form a sweet "conjunction."

The salute by labial coition, the sweetness of which depends upon the age of the parties.

A most unæsthetic result of the close contact of two faces, sometimes exquisite, often dangerous, and always unsatisfactory.

What is a kiss? Simply this:
Four lips meet, two hearts greet;
Sans deceit, union sweet!
Rapture! bliss! That's a kiss.

To pout your lips and place them, sir,
To others close; and then,
By suction to compress them, sir,
A vacuum within:
And, when this doth distress them, sir,
To open them again.

Humid seal of fond affection; promise of a future bliss;
Outward sign of inward passion, such thy definition, kiss.

His Malady Accounted For.

[Philiadelphia Call.]

Plumber's Wife (sitting by his bed clad in an embossed velvet gown, and with $125,000 worth of jewels scintillating on her ears and fingers)—"Is he dangerously ill, doctor?"

Doctor—"No, indeed. He is the most comfortably off of all my patients."

"But what makes his right arm and hand shake so?"

"That's only scrivener's palsy."

"Palsy!" she exclaimed, with a clasp of her jewelled hands; "what could have so prostrated my dear Algernon?"

"He has been writing too much without rest," smiled the doctor. "He tells me he has been steadily at work day and night, for four months past, making out his annual bills."

An Editor's Protest.

[Ayr Recorder.]

We don't mind taking country produce occasionally in payment for subscriptions, but we do object to having our subscribers send in eight and ten year old roosters with a note attached to credit them with a pair of chickens.

We got a sample of that kind the other day, and after the wife had boiled one three days it had the audacity actually to flop out of the pot and crow. There has got to be a line drawn somewhere.

We don't mind using considerable firewood in cooking them, or the exertion in carving, although this is weakening us considerably; but when it comes to crowing it is like the last straw on the proverbial camel's back.

THRIFT.

A Virtue Not to Be Disposed of, or Dispensed With.

[Boston Sunday Herald.]

The old monkish doctrine that poverty is holy is not of much weight in the secular period, whose gospel is political economy. The soft climate of Syria and its eternal sunshine permitted and permit an indolence and carelessness as to a provision for the morrow which in our rigid latitude would speedily lead to the extinction of the human race. The most thrifty of the nations, according to all accounts, is the volatile, pleasure-loving, sensuous French. Malthus himself would be delighted at the self-control of the French peasant in the matter of a family. He obeys the primal command in Genesis just so far as it is prudent to do so, and no farther. When the warmth of the French temperament is taken into account, the average Frenchman must be admitted to be a model of self-control and foresighted calculation. Meantime, the population of France remains not stationary, but its increase is slow, and her soldiers grow more noticeably undersized. However, a manikin, armed with a breech-loader, is as effective a killer as a giant, with the added advantage of not being so good a mark for the enemy, which Falstaff regarded as a great merit in his recruits.

Economy in France has long been reduced to a system, as everything else has been. The French are philosophers in the matter of expenditure, and of utilizing everything to its utmost fibre. But this proverbial French economy is supplemented by a territory more fortunately situated, perhaps, than any other of the same extent on the globe, and by an industrial skill which makes all nations tributary to the artisans and manufacturers of France. Within her straitened limits, straitened by comparison with our own, France has a North and South as distinct as we have, which extend over so large a part of a continent. In Languedoc she is semi-tropical, and has all "the wealth of light of the South" along the shores of the Mediterranean, while in Brittany, with its legend-haunted Atlantic coast, she has the bracing air of New England or Scotland.

France is, indeed, a self-contained, self-sufficing country, with a great variety of product, climate and scenery within her own borders, so that her wealthy and fashionable classes have little occasion to travel abroad for pleasure and to enrich other countries by their expenditure, while the opulent of all lands in both hemispheres make Paris their headquarters for purposes of relaxation, dissipation and pleasure, lavishing in that capital their gold with an unsparing hand.

Our own philosopher, Franklin, who preached a gospel of thrift in his maxims, which are as homely as those of the ploughman's poet, Hesiod, doubtless drew a part of his inspiration from French sources.

Even in this country, with its sparse population scattered over a continent, and with its unparalleled opportunities for all to acquire a competency, if not opulence, thrift is not to be despised or dispensed with as a needless virtue in the midst of so much plenty. For wicked waste makes woful want, here as elsewhere. The race here is on fire, as an English observer says, with the alluring prospect of wealth for all. But the slow and sure methods of accumulation are at a discount, and everybody wants to vault into a fortune at a bound. Hence the country is always populous with failures, and is strown, like a beach after a storm, with financial wrecks.

"Poor Richard's Almanac," as a code of economical ethics and guide to prosperity, is not much consulted in these days. Expensiveness is a trait of commercial and industrial nations living in cold climates. The people of New England, before they became industrial and commercial, were a most frugal people.

Small things properly husbanded, unerringly lead to great things. If New England is opulent and luxurious to-day, it is because of the thrift of the New England of other days. We Americans of to-day, for obvious reasons, not only have not the thrift of our ancestors, but we are far behind Europeans of what ever nationality in that respect.

Our southern people were in other days unthrifty, and rather prided themselves on the fact, scorning the inventive and gainful disposition of the Yankee. But the southerner of to-day is beginning to be a changed man from him of the antebellum period, who regarded it as unbecoming a gentleman to contribute anything to the patent office.

Carlyle alludes to the fact that the ancient Romans, before they were distinguished as conquerors, were a thrifty people, laborious husbandmen. Thrift, he says, is a quality held in no esteem, and is generally regarded as mean; it is certainly mean enough and objectionable for its interfering with all manner of intercourse between man and man. But thrift well understood includes in itself the best virtues that a man can have in the world; it teaches him self-denial, to postpone the present to the future, to calculate his means and regulate his actions accordingly; thus understood, it includes all that man can do in his vocation; even in its worst state, it indicates a great people.

It is natural enough for a Scotchman to eulogize thrift, which is an indigenous trait of his race, and the ladder by which his countrymen so frequently climb to affluence, both at home and abroad. The profuse man, who is above considerations of dollars and cents, unless he has the resources of a Crœsus, and even if he has, generally comes to grief. People praise him, as Timon's parasites praised him, as long as his purse shows no signs of flaccidity and collapse. But, when the bottom dollar is reached, the lavish man's beneficiaries and boon-companions are found calling attention to the fact that they had said all along that their friend Timon must ultimately go to the bow-wows. It is wonderful with what resignation the parasites of prodigality see it finally reduced to the husks of penitence and poverty. Meantime current civilization has devised and is devising, all sorts of schemes and institutions for promotiong thrift among the masses of people.

Great Men at Table.

[Baltimore Herald.]

"There's President Harrison who died so quick after he got into the White House. They all say he died from excitement, nervous prostration and all that. But the man who waited on him said he died from too much dinner.

He had been in the White House but a few days when he told the waiter he had brought from Indiana to get him up what he called a regular old-fashioned South Bend dinner. That was Mr. Harrison's home in Indiana, and his order meant cabbage, pickled pork, fresh roast pork, peas, cucumbers and sweet potatoes, with corn meal fritters for desert.

That was on a day that Mr. Webster had a long talk with him. Mr. Webster was in his cabinet, and he said: 'Harrison, if these d—d office seekers don't kill you, that dinner will.' Well, sir, he never saw a well moment after that dinner. He had indigestion, headaches, and swimming in the head, and they say his mind wasn't right till he died. It might have been something else but I believe that it was that dinner that caused his death.

The old cook at the White House said she had cooked for five presidents, but that Mr. Harrison could eat more than all of them put together. Why, sir, he could eat two whole white head cabbages and pork to correspond, with corn cakes and molasses, at one time. The story at that time was that when he was in the army he always ate double rations, and the commissary did not charge him extra for it. While he was fighting in the army his favorite dish was raw pork and hard tack, and the other officers used to sit around and watch him get away with it.

A Laughing Plant.

[Vick's Floral Magazine.]

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed.

It grows in Arabia and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas.

The flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod.

The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

TRIALS OF A LITERARY MAN'S WIFE.

Oh! I'm the wife of a literary man, and a jolly good time have I;
So jolly indeed, that many an hour have I sat me down to cry.
That fellow's enough to worry a horse; he's a most peculiar man:
He scowls at me when he wants to write if even I rattle a pan.

He sits down there in his easy chair, and he puts his pipe in his mouth,
And then he proceeds to stare and frown, nor looks east, west, north, south,
But strait at his feet, and he tumbles his hair, and I merely ask him why
He don't get up and cut some wood you should see him then, oh, my!

You would think he'd snap my head right off, and he says, "you should and ought,
Leave me to do my literary work when you see I'm wrapped in thought,"
"Your work, "says I, "if you call that work you've a precious easy time,
What I call work is sawing wood; not hammering away at rhyme.

—Toronto Grip.

STUDYING FOR THE STAGE.

[Exchange.]

"Nothing could be more interesting," said one of the managers of a New York school of acting to a Sun reporter, "than to sit here as I do all day and see the people who want to go upon the stage. Hundreds of young women all over the country long to become actresses. Some pretty girl on the east side, after rolling cigarettes or measuring off ribbon all day, goes to the theater in the evening and her head is turned by the lights, the finery, and the excitement. The applause that meets the prima donna makes her position seem the proudest in the world, and the shop girl up in the gallery looks and longs and says to herself: 'She wouldn't look a bit better than I do without her makeup and her fine things; why shouldn't I be like that, instead of working hard all my life to make just enough to live!' Then the pretty girl's eyes flash as she leans back and pictures to herself her future triumphs. She shows scarcely any excitement when her young man mentions ice cream on the way home, and she goes home and goes to bed and dreams all night of silk and bouquets, and clapping and stamping of feet. She doesn't see the actress whom she envies going home late every night, rehearsing every day and worried and perplexed as she has never dreamt of being. Some of these girls conquer their infatuation and go on with their old life contentedly. Others plunge into a theatrical career without forethought, and while an infinitely small number furnish the Rachels and Bernhardts to the profession, the majority fair miserably and get more and more discouraged, until they look back with regret upon their old life.

"But pretty shop girls are not the only novices we have to deal with, by a great deal. Although the majority of those who select the stage for a career are poor, yet the rule doesn't always hold good, and many a daughter of wealthy parents drives down in her father's carriage, and comes in here to see what she could do, and how soon we think she would be at the head of her profession. Few of this class of aspirants are apt to get along well; they take the rosiest kind of a rosy view of the life before them, and when they see anything that isn't rosy they get discouraged very quickly. If they are full of ambition and have lots of pluck they may get along, but when a young girl has failed a dozen times, and has seen others climbing far above her, and herself not as far advanced in a year as she expected to be in a month, she is apt to go back to her comfortable home, if it is still open to her. A rich man's daughter becoming an actress with her father's consent is almost an unknown occurrence in this or any other country."

"Which turn out the best among actresses, the pretty or the plain ones?"

"Well, that's a funny thing, too. Of course, almost all the girls who go on the stage are pretty. They imagine that beauty is the first requisite of a first-class actress, and pretty girls are more apt than others to become stage-struck. Still, there are just enough of the other kind to make up the larger number of the celebrities. If you look at the very great actresses (take, for example, the two whom I mentioned before, Rachel and Bernhardt) you will find that they are not the beautiful women of the profession. I don't know why, unless it is because the great amount of character necessary to make a genius is incompatible with beauty."

"There is one great advantage which the plain woman has over the beauty. A woman always knows when she is handsome; that is always safe to bet on. She knows that she is good looking, and she depends too much on that. If she has to render a part demanding great passion, she is apt to tone it down a little, so as not to lose the effect of some dimple or curve, which she considers sufficient in itself to carry the house. She may be moderately successful and her picture may be for sale everywhere, but she isn't likely to set the newspapers talking, and doesn't stand much chance to be presented to royalty.

"The plain or ugly girl, on the other hand, feels that she is handicapped in the race, and works hard to make up for it. She sees at first her hardest work pass unnoticed, and mere beauty of face and figure applauded more than all her hard work. Then, if she has the true stuff in her, she works all the harder, and whatever she has in her is bound to come out. With successful actresses, big mouths, thinness, and other physical disadvantages pass unnoticed. But now come and have a look at the classes, and see how the actors of the future are being turned out."

In one room were a dozen young men under the tuition of an elderly gentleman with a perfectly smooth face.

"Attention, gentlemen," the instructor said, "I'll now show you how to come into a room with an expression of surprise upon your features." He went out, and walked leisurely in. Suddenly he stopped, raised his hands with his fingers pointing upward, and said:

"Ha!"

A careless observer would have thought from his air that he had seen a cow walking up the side of a house.

"Now," said he, "go out and do as I did."

The young men went out one after the other, and their expressions varied all the way from horror to meek remonstrance.

"Go back," the instructor said, "and try to imagine that some one has paid you a dollar borrowed a month ago."

They tried again, and succeeded better. No one laughed, because it is against the rules. Bad and good marks are given, and pupils are expelled after the fourth offense.

In another room there were a number of young women, and they were very much absorbed. On one side a gentleman was teaching them to "make up." There were some young men among the crowd, but they didn't seem so much interested. The instructor had a model in front of him which he painted and blackened and roughed to an unlimited extent. Then he operated on himself. With a few touches of the pencil on his forehead he had the appearance of being frightened to death; a few more strokes made him look very old, and then he made himself younger than he really was. He explained to blondes and brunettes what each should do to enhance her beauty, and when the girls understood how to put the paint on, he showed them the best way to get it off and how to avoid ruining their complexions. All the young ladies, the professor said, took naturally to his course of instructions.

On the other side of the room a lady was instructing the girls, and showing them how to stand, and walk, and hold themselves gracefully. It surprised all of the girls to find how incapable they were of standing on one leg, and keeping the other in a graceful Hazel Kirke-like position. As to throwing themselves into a lover's arms, not one had the remotest idea how it should be done, and that surprised them, too. They weren't nearly as limp as they were expected to be, and they couldn't hang over his shoulder in the proper willowy way.

Then they had to bend their backs clear over, and say, "Back, villain!" They kneeled at their old father's feet to be patted on the head, and did their best to shudder and appear convinced that all was lost. Then they had a rest for a little while, and the teacher told something about the pupils.

"They're nearly all good," she said, "and some of them are very good. But you can't judge of the average amateur from that. Those in the school are the best of a great many who apply for admission. We examine them at first, and if we find that they are hopelessly awkward, or not smart enough, or in any other way unfit for the profession, we will tell them so as kindly as we can, and generally persuade them to give up the idea of going on the stage. Nearly all who apply, however, are well educated, and that is a great help. Sometimes the least little thing unfits them; we find that they cannot lift their arms above their head, or their organ of speech is imperfect. There was one sad instance of the kind. A young girl, very enthusiastic, came here and went to work. She studied hard, and showed talent. Suddenly something happened to her throat. She was unable to pronounce one of the consonants, and had to give up her career."

"What class of young men go upon the stage?"

"Well, all kinds. Plenty of newspaper men, among others. Then some young men have been brought up to be actors, and have made up their minds to it since they were boys. Others go into it because they think they are handsome, and have shapes to which they think justice will never be done until they come out in tights. They always choose pretty names for themselves, like Algernon or Ricardo, and you can see crowds of them out of work on Union square.

"The girls are very particular about the names they select, also. Most of them like some extremely distinguished name; but the smart ones are those who take some simple name, like Lotta, that folks like and can remember. Attention, ladies! I will show you how to faint."

Health and Science.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A good many years ago an epidemic of disease was supposed to be a "visitation," or a "judgment," and prayers were offered up that its progress might be stayed. Now-a-days, when individuals or neighborhoods are attacked with typhus fever, diptheria, or any one of the long range of malarial disorders, there is an immediate inquiry as to the condition of that house, or that neighborhood, and the disease is traced to its source of rotten vegetation, putrid filth, foul air, bad drainage, or some other of the uncleanly causes of zymotic disease.

For this advance we have to thank physiological and sanitary science, but it will not help us much to know a thing unless we act upon our knowledge. It will not get rid of the causes of disease to know what those causes are, unless we go vigorously to work to counteract them. It has been ascertained now beyond a doubt that infectious disease is primarily occasioned by living germs—that these germs have their origin in dirt, overcrowding, bad air, putrid vegetation, imperfect drainage and the like conditions. It makes no difference whether these conditions are found in tenement house, cottage or palace—in the streets of the city, or the green lanes of the country, the result is the same—it is sickness and death.

It is not entirely a gratifying thing to lazy, irresponsible people to find that health, and the best conditions for living useful and reasonably happy lives, are within their own power, and that they are responsible for their fulfillment. It is so much easier to keep on in the old way, to pile up refuse, to let the drainage go, to build a house like a soap box, and transfer the consequences to the shoulders of Providence, or the Almighty. But it is too late to do this now. Providence has been made responsible for the results of our shortcomings long enough, science has discovered that they are within our control, and that it is our business first to discover what the laws are that govern health and disease, and then adapt ourselves and our circumstances to the obligations they impose.

There is no occasion, in the nature of things, for persons to be born diseased, or die prematurely. A pure and temperate life, in a healthy location, and amid healthy surroundings, are fair guarantees for a green old age.

Rev. Joseph Cook has been figuring about our future population. He estimates that in the year 2100 our population will be 400,000,000; in the year 2200 it will be 800,000,000; in the year 2300 it will be 1,600,000,000, and in the year 2400 it will be 3,200,000,000.

A MAN BURIED ALIVE.

Following Cheerfully His Own Coffin Shrond to His Grave.

[Overland Mail.]

In the village of Chim-long, where the Basel Chinese Mission has a station, the following sad event has lately taken place: A man of 60 years of age was afflicted with leprosy, and lived in a hut within the village. The villagers often urged on the old man to remove his hut outside the village, and live on the hills to prevent contamination, promising that they would always provide him with food. However, the leper did not wish to leave the village, nor dared his relatives press him to do so.

Lately it happened that the leper was lying asleep in his hut. His son came and wanted to bring him something to eat, but, calling into the hut, he received no answer from the father. There was soon a gathering of the people, but no one ventured to go inside the hut. Some stones were thrown at the door, to see if the man took any notice of it, and, as there was still no sign of life in the hut, the general conclusion was that the occupant was dead.

The resolution was forthwith taken to have the leaper buried. His son went to a neighboring village to engage coolies for digging a grave and carrying the corpse out. During the absence of the son the elder of the village came to the scene, and, learning how matters stood, boldly opened the door and entered the hut, when lo and behold it turned out that the leper had only enjoyed a sound sleep.

However, the coolies had been engaged for a certain sum of money, and came along with the con, ready to do the work which was required of them, or at all events to receive the promised pay. After some deliberation the villagers unanimously put it before the leper that, as things had come to this pass, he had better make up his mind and allow the funeral of himself to go on. To this the unfortunate man consented, and took leave of his daughter-in-law and two grand-children, enjoing upon her to feed the two pigs well and also take care of the poultry.

A coffin was now provided, and the shroud redeemed from the pawnshop. A fowl was killed and rice and pork provided as a farewell dinner for the leper.

Next morning very early the procession started from the hut. First came the coffin carried by the coolies, and behind it walked the leper to his grave, the son and the elder bringing up the rear carrying the shroud and the pot which contained the opium. Having moved up a hill to a distance of about two miles from the village, the party halted and a grave was dug. The leper took a last meal and then swallowed the opium. After this he put on the shroud and a pair of shoes, and laid himself down in the coffin, when the coolies put the lid on it, without waiting till the leper should have lost consciousness, and lowered the coffin into the grave.

Birds in Borrowed Plumage, and What Their Folly Leads To.

[Boston Budget.]

It appears from recent revelations that many rich people are in the habit of hiring their diamonds with which they shine resplendently at balls, parties, and that the untold wealth which they display upon their persons, to the astonishment and bewilderment of the vulgar, does not belong to them any more than the "private" carriage with the coat of arms upon it for which they pay so much a day.

They are really birds in borrowed plumage, though they put on more airs than the peacock whose "unnumbered eyes" belong to himself and to no other biped. And after all, how much pretence there is in what we call society! We bow down before rich men or women because they are reputed to be rich, when in reality they are no better if so well off as ourselves.

We take the shadow for the substance so often that we are incapable of distinguishing one from the other, and we make our salaams to a bejeweled and bedizened madame or sir, who may be but one day removed from the common jail. When they are discovered to be imposters we shake our heads wisely and say, social hypocrits that we are: "We always thought so." Then we rush on to worship the next idol, who usually is no more worthy of our adoration than the one we have just dethroned.

Meanwhile the philosophers sit and smile at our folly and say that the world has not improved since the days of Diogenes and his tub. Fashion in dress may change, but history constantly repeats itself in the struggle for short-lived social distinction. Everything is sacrificed to it. Banks are robbed by their cashiers, mercantile houses by their bookkeepers, manufacturing companies by their treasurers, in order that their families may shine the butterflies of a season. The crash comes of course at last, and they retire to well merited obscurity. But they have plenty of followers. There are always new creatures to flutter about the flame, though inevitable destruction await them.

Vive la bagatelle! Let the diamonds glitter though they are not your own. The world believes so for the time being at least, and you are comparatively happy while you play the old, old game of diamond cut diamond.

Keep a Few Bees.

[Indiana Farmer.]

Aside from the hope for any pecuinary gain, there is a greater judgment for the keeping of at least a few colonies of bees. In these times of adulterated sweets, about the only thing left is to buy directly from our neighbor or raise our own.

Honey is one of the most delicious sweets producable and can be raised with as little cost and labor as anything, especially so in a small way. People who make a specialty of poultry-raising, bee-keeping, etc., give all the time possible that they think will pay one penny more. Yet honey may be raised as chickens are, for home use, with but little care.

The perfectly straight combs sell at a better price but do not effect the flavor of the honey.

A partially filled section will only bring half price in the market, but is just the same money as filled the section without an empty cell, and with the knowledge of the day we are able to secure more money from three or four colonies than our fathers did from three times the number.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Would you like a poem
On the snow?
I can never write one.
You must go
With the best of microscopes
Where the flake,
Lies in sparkling beauty
On the lake.
O'er the crystal waters
As you go,
Read with glass the poem
Of the snow.

—[Home Journal.

A Rare Occurrence.

[Free Press.]

"Mister," began a small boy, as he entered a Woodward avenue grocery yesterday, "ma bought some mackerel here last night."

"Yes."

"And in making change you gave her ——"

"No, I didn't! I haven't had a quarter with a hole in it for a month?"

"But ma says you gave her a——"

"Don't believe it—don't believe it! I remember, now; I gave her a half-dollar, a quarter and a nickle."

"Ma says you gave her a gold piece for a penny, and here it is."

"Good gracious alive but so I did—so I did! I remember now that I gave her a dollar bill and a lot of small change. Bub, what's your name and do you think you can eat three sticks of lemon candy? Ah! it does me good to find honesty and reward it."

The Woman who Works at Home.

I notice says a Chicago lady, that in all of this talk about what is designated as women's labor the every day routine work of the housekeeper is ignored.

There is no reference to the work of the women whose lives are passed in home-making and home-keeping. They are regarded as a negative, non-productive class. Yet the profession of the house keeper is regarded as the most natural and proper avocation of women. There is no other trade so complex. None more difficult.

Add to this the cares of motherhood and what else can a woman engage in which will as completely absorb every energy of which she is capable?

To be a good housewife and mother is by no means the occupation of an idler. Perhaps my notions are obsolete, but I think the woman who creates a comfortable home and raises children worthy of manhood and wonanhood is the noblest work of God, and is quite as much of a producer as the woman who writes a book, invents some machine, or follows a profession.

A Noted New Yorker and His Wit.

[Texas Siftings.]

Lord Coleridge, when he visited this country stood with William Evarts on the banks of the Potomac opposite the city of Washington.

"Do you know, Evarts," said his Lordship, "I have heard that George Washington, was a man of great physical prowess. I was told that he once threw a silver dollar from this spot across the Potomac."

"You must remember, my Lord," said Mr. Evarts, "that a dollar would go a great deal further in those days than it would now."

The gloom that the recital of this old story had thrown over the gang was wafted away by our friend in the long ulster, who said:

"I would suggest that Evarts might have said something else."

"What?"

"He might have said: "I never heard that he threw a silver dollar across the Potomac, but history tells us that he threw an English sovereign across the Atlantic."

The Successful Farmer.

[Kansas City Journal.]

The good farmer cultivates forethought. His plans are not made for a single year. He looks over his farm, divides the arable land into about six equal parts, one-half of which is devoted to grass, the other to the plow, as each shall take its turn. Every year he raises just about so many acres of corn, so many acres of wheat, so through all his crops. He keeps just about the same amount of stock, and of each about the same, whether it be cattle, sheep, horses, or hogs.

No matter whether wheat brings 75 cents per bushel or $1.75. No matter whether wool is 31 or 50 cents per pound. No matter whether cheese brings 6 or 13 cents at wholesale. No matter whether live hogs bring 3 or 8 cents per pound. Thus he continues year after year, all the time studying to improve the productions of his farm, and thus increase its capacity to produce a little more of each of the different articles he raises for sale. But no single one is dropped from the list that he may raise more of something else without a long considered and sufficient reason. If anything he may have for sale is very low in price, he knows at once that the great pendulum of equilibrium has swung away from it. He also knows that it will surely swing back again sooner than he can change his rotation, even if he wanted to, which he does not.

He is accurate in all his affairs. He knows just how he stands. Knows who he owes and who owes him, what it is for and when it is due. He also knows just how he expects to meet every claim against him, has calculated the matter accurately before he incurred the debt, and with prompt payments, thus in a few months making his word as good as written bond. He knows what the average price of every article he raises for sale has been in his market town for all the years since he has had produce to sell. If he has an article for sale and the price is a long way below the average, he holds the same until the pendulum swings back again.

If the price is fully up to the average he does not wait with the expectation of getting the very highest cent that will be paid just before the pendulum falls back again. He sells at the highest current price, knowing that once the highest price is reached, stagnation and a fall so quickly succeeds that not one in a hundred men can be the lucky man to get the highest price paid. Thus his average gains will compare with the best. Slowly it may be, but surely he is getting rich and all the time living better than many kings of Mammon. While he sleeps, his crops and his animals grow. Panics can not ruin him. As it has taken time to acquire riches, he generally knows how to keep them, while the merchant or manufacturer may be rich today and poor to-morrow and not from any fault of his own.

A Lively Fight with a Grizzly.

[St. Paul Day.]

It was in 1879, in a little canyon that opens out into Clear Creek" said Mr. Perrin.

"I wandered off into the moutains in search of herbs to spice up some new stomach bitters I was dispensing to the boys. The day was warm and I had just thrown my coat, and was walking along just above the walls of the little canyon a mile or so from Clear Creek.

I was startled by a crash among the brush just behind me, when upon looking quickly around I saw a grizzly coming for me, his jaws wide open, his long red tongue protruding from his mouth, his sharp teeth gleaming, and his hot breath almost burning my face, he was so close. I was struck with dumb surprise for a second, but regaining my presence of mind, I threw my coat over his head and made a break for the railroad.

He soon disentangled himself and joined in the race. It was no walk-away for me, I can tell you. I had heard that a bear couldn't run well on a side hill, so I caught on to a brush and swung down the wall of the canon, which was not very steep at that point, and rushed on. But he was too cute for my tactics.

He ran along above to head me off. Finally he ventured too near the canyon, and, losing his balance, rolled over. To my horror he tumbled down upon me. And then we rolled down to the bed of that creek together. Right there was fought the hardest bear fight that ever occurred in Colorado. We fought for three-quarters of an hour.

"How did the fight come out?" came in a chorus of hoarse whispers from the party that had been listening eagerly to the recital.

"The bear killed me," said Perrin coolly, as he led the way to the sideboard.

Choosing a Husband.

[Home Journal.]

A girl, if she cannot always choose, can always refuse, and generally her difficulty is this—it is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him, but I think I might do so if I chose; shall I choose or shall I forbear? It is here that the power of choice comes in; and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all.

In such circumstances a girl will act wisely if she pays considerable attention to the general opinion that is held of the gentleman in question by his professional brethren or his business acquaintances. It is, in short, not the man who is agreeable among women, but who is well liked by his own sex, who is the man to choose as a husband.

There are certain persons, however, of the opposite sex who are almost as good judges of a man's disposition as those of his own, and they are his sisters. A girl can always tell how a man stands with his sisters; if they are really fond of him, she may feel almost sure that he will make a good husband. A mother, of course, always speaks well of her son; it is not what she says of him, but his behavior to her, that is to be looked to. And the lady may feel certain of this point, that as a man now treats his mother and sister, so he will treat her six months after the marriage.

All this may seem very cold blooded, very far removed from the tender feeling which the courtship induces.

But, after all, a girl has a choice to make, a choice upon which the happiness of her whole life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgment.

He Got the Train.

[Philiadelphia Press.]

An officer of the Nineteenth district station house, Eight and Lombard streets, last night brought in a well dressed, slightly intoxicated man with a valise whom he had found holding an animated conversation with a lamp post, and threatening to pulverize it if it did not direct him to the New York depot.

"I told him I would bring him to the depot," whispered the policemen to the Sergeant.

"Gimme a ticket for Noo York," said the prisoner to the Sergeant, laying eighty-seven cents on the desk, all the money he had.

"Here you are, sir. One through ticket, including a lower section sleeping berth," said the Sergeant, handing him a ticket for a raffle.

"All aboard!" shouted the turnkey, in a tone that would have caused an ordinary station hand to blush for his own unworthiness.

"Whoop!" came from one of the patrolmen in imitation of a locomotive, while another picked up his valise, and throwing it on the stretcher that stood in the corner, wheeled it around the room, completing the deception and making the would-be traveller believe he was in a railroad station. He was quietly led to a cell and soon fell into a slumber.

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